

You live in one place. The next day you live somewhere else. It isn't complicated. You get on a plane. You get off. People are always talking about home. Their houses. Their neighborhoods. In movies, it's where they came from, where they came up, the hood. The movies are full of that stuff. The street. The block. The diner. Italian movies. Black movies. Jewish movies. Brooklyn or whatever.

But I never really got that. The streets were never running through my blood. I never loved a house. So, all that nothinglike-home stuff doesn't really register. The way you can be living in one place and then in a few hours you can be living somewhere else, that's what I think about when I think about home. You wake up, do what you do, eat, go to sleep, wake up, eat, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. The same thing for days, months, years and then, one day, you're no longer there.

People always say how hard it must be to move from place to place. It isn't.

When I got here I was seventeen. We moved from Riyadh where we'd been living for nearly two years. I had three weeks to pack my things, to "prepare" myself. That was my father—three weeks to "prepare" myself. I don't know what that means really. It took me an hour to pack my bags. I didn't tell anyone at school I was moving.

The year ended, I kicked around the pool for a while and then we were on a plane and gone. That's just the way it happened. I didn't feel much of anything. I was only amazed again that a world simply disappears behind you, that one life becomes another life becomes another life becomes another.

And then we lived in Paris.

We lived in Dubai, Shanghai, Tokyo, Kuala Lumpur, Seoul,

Jerusalem and Riyadh.

And then we lived in Paris. And Paris was different because it was the last place we moved as a family. The last place imposed upon me.